

THE MAINE

The paper further states that no prisoners or stores were captured by Gen. Hunter. Another despatch announces that our forces occupy Staunton.

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Gen. Hunter's Victory Confirmed—The Rebels Gen. Jones Killed.

WASHINGTON, June 8, 1864.

To Major Gen. Dix:

Gen. Hunter's victory and our occupation of Staunton is confirmed by the following despatch just received from Gen. Butler:

"All quiet on my line. Richmond papers of June 7 give intelligence of a fight at Mount Crawford between Gen. Hunter and Gen. Jones, in which Hunter was victorious, and Jones, the rebel commander, was killed. Stanton was advanced by the Union forces. The fighting was over on Sunday."

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Rebel Raid in Kentucky—Destru-

ction of Bridges and Railroads.

CINCINNATI, June 8.—A gang, supposed to be John Morgan's, made an entrance into East Kentucky four days ago, and captured the town of Mount Sterling. The rebels destroyed the bridges and tore up the track of the Kentucky Central Railroad between Cynthiana and Paris, and also cut down the telegraph. Another gang attacked the passenger train on the Louisville and Lexington Railroad near Paris, and burned two cars. They also took the express cars two miles west of Paris.

CINCINNATI, June 8.—Morgan's force is estimated at 25,000. Part of his command took possession of Paris Ky, this afternoon, and is thought to have destroyed the extensive trestle-work near there. Two important bridges have been destroyed between Paris and Cynthiana. Part of the rebel forces are moving north on the Kentucky Central Railroad.

CINCINNATI, June 8.—The rebels are near Falmouth, on the Kentucky Central Railroad, and at Williamstown, on the pike, thirty miles from Cincinnati. A rebel force is twelve miles east of Lexington, and another approaching from Richmond. The rebels are reported between Crab Orchard and Stanford. They are the large warehousers and armament at Cynthiana yesterday. The rebels are now in possession of Paris, Georgetown, Cynthiana and Williamstown.

From the Army in Virginia—Removal of the Killed and wounded.

HEADQUARTERS, June 7.—All quiet to-day except occasional heavy guns in the direction of Portion Bridge. Mail are now regularly received.

JUNE 8.—A. M.—The flag of truce sent by Gen. Grant was arranged last evening, and the dead and wounded between the lines were brought in. There were very few wounded at some points, while at others a number came in. None but medical officers and stretcher-bearers are allowed to go on the field, and all intercourse with the enemy is prohibited.

Morgan with 2500 men moved into Kentucky via Whitesburg. I pursued, and by marching 90 miles in 24 hours, came upon him at Mount Sterling yesterday morning, and defeated him.

At noon of the time agreed upon a voice from the rebel lines sang out: "We're going to your home, up 'em, up 'em." All left at once.

How Gen. Hunter's Expedition Moves.

NEW YORK, June 9. The Herald's correspondent says Gen. Hunter's advance: Immediately on assuming command he issued an order for instant preparation to move. The order directed that the clothes the soldiers had on their backs, with an extra pair of shoes and socks, was ample; and all others, clinging to their persons, each soldier had 100 pounds of ammunition, four pounds of hard bread, (the last ten days) ten rations of coffee, sugar and salt, one pair of shoes and one pair of socks; nothing else. Cattle, sheep and hogs, and, if necessary, horses and mules, were to be slaughtered for food.

Under these orders the little army set out upon the expedition to perform its part of Gen. Grant's grand combinations. It was not likely to march but if, it could not be found.

General Morgan's Details of His Movements to June 1st.

NEW YORK, June 10. The Tribune's correspondent details Gen. Sherman's movements to June 1st. May 21st and 22d were devoted to rest at Cassville. On the 23d an order to move the next morning on the road to Atlanta was issued. At the Elizabethtown the enemy's pickets and sharpshooters were met. The army pushed across the river towards Huntsville skirmishing on the way. They reached Burnside and Huntsville on the 25, leaving Altoona, the rebel forts and big guns to the left, thus flanking them. Towards evening heavy firing was heard in front of Gen. Hooker's position. The troops had been marching all night, and after dark and firing had ceased, it was found that Gen. Hooker had suddenly fallen upon the enemy in a swamp and driven him back. The next morning another skirmish took place and the rebels were again forced back, followed on cautiously by our troops, when suddenly masked batteries opened with destructive effect upon our men. Our loss was between two and three thousand.

On the 28th the army was in position in front of the rebels, strongly posted, four miles from Dallas. The next day the enemy, massed for an assault upon our works. For half an hour the fighting was terrible and the slaughter of the enemy great. He was driven back in confusion. At the same time a powerful attack was made on Gen. McPherson on the right.

The troops were repulsed, losing from 2000 to 3000 men. On the 31st a feeble attack was made by the rebels and repulsed. On Thursday we entered Dallas.

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The defeated force was recently a part of Breckinridge's command. Gen. Hunter's report has not yet been received.

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They entered the State through Pound Gap, and were preceded by a scouting party under Ewell to pick up horses for their dismounted men. They passed through Haven Green, Owserville and Flushing, and took Marysville without opposition, robbing the citizens of money and other valuable property.

The farms of Union men were stripped of horses, cattle and wagons.

Gen. Smith landed at Sunny Side on the 5th and took up line of march early in the morning about a heavy rain, in the direction of Lake Chatuge. About 9 o'clock his advance met two regiments of the 4th Division marching to the opposite side of the river, camping into the Lure, and opened fire on them from two guns when the rebels were responded to by the enemy with a battery of six guns. Our force soon desisted from using the enemy's works, driving them from a heavy fire upon their own heads.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN

AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY

NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

THE TRIUMPH OF COURAGE.
The following extract, this was written by Rev. Mr. Allen, who died at the close of his centennial service, at the anniversary of the settlement of Fryeburg, August 18, 1863.

Though hearts broad o'er the East, our eyes
With smiling Future glints !
For lo ! our star bursts up the skies ;
The sun can't rise again to set,
The world rolls onward in its way,
And ripples with her sorrow ;
But we'll have the good news to-day.
Shall wear the Crown to-morrow.

O youth, fair-scarmed, still aspire
With energies immortal !
To make a heaven of Death !
Our love, our life, our portal,
And though Age wears by the way
With the good news to-day,
The Hardest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives and all
Like a sheath's sabre,
Brave and bold, and call,
O Chivalry of Labor !
Triumph and Tell me, and eye
Joy of the world of sorrow, and eye
And the Martyrdom To-day,
Brings Victory To-morrow.

Our Story-Teller.

THE TORY'S WARD.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

It was on a sultry day, soon after the commencement of the American Revolution, that a British officer splendidly mounted, rode up to a door of an old brown farm house, in one of the driving towns of Massachusetts. The owner of the house was Richard Wayland, a noted tory, and his family consisted of himself and wife and a daughter, Kate Allen, a beautiful girl of fifteen.

The officer alighted and entered the house, with easy familiarity, and cordially welcomed by his hosts. Kate gave a start of surprise, when she discovered who the visitor was, while a look of disgust and aversion passed over her face, which took such painful times.

"This are quite stirring times," said Mr. Wayland, "I suppose we may consider a war between the colonies and Great Britain as fully commenced."

"Yes, we've had fighting and bloodshed already, for these cursed rebels seem pretty determined, what there is of them. It will be an unequal contest, though, and there is little doubt but that we'll win it, in the short one and a quarter of Old England."

"I wish with all my heart it may, and amid this rebellion, I am proud to own myself a royal subject of the crown."

"Well, I don't know," replied Mr. Grant. "Help is pretty scarce these times; there isn't a man or boy to be hired for love or money in these parts. They have all gone off to the army and a precious set of fools they are, too. What can you do—are you accustomed to work upon the farm?"

"Well, sir, I am a tinker, and I shall be free from intrusion there, and any secret you may have to communicate shall be safe with me."

"My business is nothing connected with the war, but I have a fair girl, an inmate of your house, I believe, by the name of Kate Allen."

"She was my ward about three years."

"Was her father's name James Allen, and did he emigrate from England to this place soon after his marriage?"

"Yes that was his name, and he came to America in the same ship with myself. We always remained firm friends, and at his death appointed guardian of his only daughter."

"Poor sir, I am this lady's affianced husband."

"You? How can this be? Her father never informed me that any such alliance existed."

"Perhaps not, but I have proofs that our parents met before us before Mr. Allen sailed from England."

"Kate was only an infant of six months then,"

"Very true, and I was a little fellow about that time."

"But what do you mean?"

"Strange he never should have spoken of it."

"Do you think it is going to storm to-day, Mr. Wayland?"

"No, sir, I am not long after, as dark clouds seem to be gathering."

"You, unless I am fortunate enough to procure an escort home; I do not care to incur the risk of another insult."

"You refer to what Col. Harvey said to you, I suppose. I think you are making too much of a little matter. I wish you would treat him decently. I assure you it will be for your interest to do so."

"I shall always endeavor to treat him civilly—nothing more. I know of no way in which my interests are involved with his."

"They are more so, in the room when you came in, didn't you say?"

"Yes, that is Kate Allen!" and a flush of confusion crimsoned over the speaker's face.

Kate received a formal introduction to Col. Harvey at dinner, and returned his greeting with the most freezing politeness, much to the surprise of Mr. Wayland. Soon after dinner, to her great relief, she saw him, in company with her guardians, leave the house and take the direction to the village. Trying on her best air, she secretly loved the grand solitude of those dim old woods, and partly to escape from the visitor who had lately come to the farm house. Becoming tired of rambling, she threw herself in a careless attitude upon a mossy hillock.

Herbert Clifford, a young man made, sitting there in wild flowers, herself as cool as the sunlight falling upon her like golden rain through the leaves. So thought Herbert Clifford, as he emerged from the thicket, and stood for a moment gazing in admiration at her address.

"Kate, of what are you dreaming?"

"I am frightened me; I thought, perhaps it was the British officer."

"What officer, Kate? You surely were not expecting to meet one, were you?"

"No, but sometimes the most unwelcome visitors come when least expected. That British soldier, whom I encountered the last time when I was at Brair Farm, and who had been so unkindly received, the impression that I was at Mr. Wayland's. Somehow I cannot get rid of the impression, that his coming does little good to me, although I have seen nothing yet to warrant the suspicion."

"The scoundrel! I have long wished that I might have an opportunity to punish him for his conduct."

"I am not, however, the only one who is not I am afraid."

"Going away, Herter? pray tell me where."

"Carrie, I think I must be going," said Kate soon after the tea things had been removed.

"Oh, no, Kate, not so soon. You must stay and spend the evening; there is a beautiful moon now, and we shall carry you home."

"Who is this? This fortnight ago, I was not even thinking of you."

"I haven't had the pleasure of seeing him yet."

"Then come here to the window, for he is just driving the cows home. Isn't he a beauty? Just what a graceful figure he makes."

"He is indeed, but I am afraid he has."

"Oh, he is along, here wanting to get work."

"He is, but I am afraid he has."

"I am not, however, the only one who is not I am afraid."

"To join the patriotic army, Kate. I cannot remain a moment longer, when my suffering country calls so loudly upon all her sons to aid her in the struggle for freedom. By to-morrow's dawn, with a few chosen comrades, I shall be on my way, and so far as I am concerned, I will not receive that intelligence. Carrie, for I am your friend, and nearly all your personal friends are traitors. It may be that your heart is not with me in this matter, but could I know that you would bid me God speed at my departure, my parting with you would be shorn of half its pain."

"My sympathies are all with you, Herbert, notwithstanding the injury inflicted by which I am surrounded. I have been expecting to hear you declare your intention of enlisting in the army, and so far from hindering you, I am glad that you have decided to go. Had you remained at home, or taken the part of these cringing, scoundrels, you would have lowered your character in their estimation."

"I am afraid I have not been able to tell you all the story of your life, but I am sure that you possessed a coward's heart."

"This is more than I expected to hear from you, but the words you have spoken were worthy and true, and will be needed to give this right arm strength to battle for the rights of man."

"I have got courage to fill my place in the ranks of freedom. The fear of not gaining your sympathy, which has haunted me so long, will be thrown to the winds, for I waver a stancher lady rebel does not dwell in the land that you occupy."

"I am a woman, and I have been separated from my husband, and he has been separated from his wife, but I am still a widow, and he is still a widower."

"I think we had better not say anything about it at present. We can be true to each other although separated, and, now, Kate, one parting kiss and I must be gone."

"So, then, Herbert? Well? it is so; I would not delay you in moment from the post of duty, and remember that every blow you strike for freedom will enthrone you more surely in my heart."

Notwithstanding her brave words, tears stood in the blue eyes of Kate Allen, as she saw the only form of her lover disappear among the trees. But she soon brushed them away with determination not to murmur at this separation, but if need be, "to suffer and be strong."

That evening, after tea, Kate was sitting by the

window, gazing at the moonlight scene before her, although her heart was far away, when Col. Harvey entered and seated himself near her.

"This is altogether too lovely an evening to remain in the house; won't you take a walk with me?"

"No, sir, I thank you; I do not wish to walk this evening, especially in your company."

"I have incurred your displeasure, I perceive, Miss Allen at a previous meeting; allow me to apologize for my treatment of you then. I suppose you were some pert rebel miss, or I shouldn't have spoken thus."

"The fact of my being an unprotected maiden, especially during the public road, might have demanded civil treatment from you, without regard to the political principles of myself or friends."

"I should have been a little more prudent, I admit, but we have so much to endure from these independent, upstart rebels, that whenever we meet any of their families, we generally like to inform them who we are. I would like to do this in your case, but I know you will pass over this little affair, and we may be friends."

"I am not in the habit of passing over such gross insults so lightly. I shall always treat you with civility, especially while you are a guest here, but we can be personal friends."

"Well, Miss Allen, we are making a very serious matter out of nothing. Although you are my friend so proudly, I could show a claim upon you that would startle you somewhat."

"A claim upon me, sir? I do not understand you. Will you explain your meaning?"

"Not now, but you may hear from me at some future time."

And with these words upon his lips, Col. Harvey abruptly left the room.

"What can he mean?" thought Kate, and this new trouble added to the departure of Herbert, caused her to pass a sleepless night.

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"Yes, that is Kate Allen!" and a flush of confusion crimsoned over the speaker's face.

Kate received a formal introduction to Col. Harvey at dinner, and returned his greeting with the most freezing politeness, much to the surprise of Mr. Wayland. Soon after dinner, to her great relief, she saw him, in company with her guardians, leave the house and take the direction to the village. Trying on her best air, she secretly loved the grand solitude of those dim old woods, and partly to escape from the visitor who had lately come to the farm house. Becoming tired of rambling, she threw herself in a careless attitude upon a mossy hillock.

Herbert Clifford, a young man made, sitting there in wild flowers, herself as cool as the sunlight falling upon her like golden rain through the leaves. So thought Herbert Clifford, as he emerged from the thicket, and stood for a moment gazing in admiration at her address.

"Kate, of what are you dreaming?"

"I am frightened me; I thought, perhaps it was the British officer."

"What officer, Kate? You surely were not expecting to meet one, were you?"

"No, but sometimes the most unwelcome visitors come when least expected. That British soldier, whom I encountered the last time when I was at Brair Farm, and who had been so unkindly received, the impression that I was at Mr. Wayland's. Somehow I cannot get rid of the impression, that his coming does little good to me, although I have seen nothing yet to warrant the suspicion."

"The scoundrel! I have long wished that I might have an opportunity to punish him for his conduct."

"I am not, however, the only one who is not I am afraid."

"To join the patriotic army, Kate. I cannot remain a moment longer, when my suffering country calls so loudly upon all her sons to aid her in the struggle for freedom. By to-morrow's dawn, with a few chosen comrades, I shall be on my way, and so far as I am concerned, I will not receive that intelligence. Carrie, for I am your friend, and nearly all your personal friends are traitors. It may be that your heart is not with me in this matter, but could I know that you would bid me God speed at my departure, my parting with you would be shorn of half its pain."

"My sympathies are all with you, Herbert, notwithstanding the injury inflicted by which I am surrounded. I have been expecting to hear you declare your intention of enlisting in the army, and so far from hindering you, I am glad that you have decided to go. Had you remained at home, or taken the part of these cringing, scoundrels, you would have lowered your character in their estimation."

"I am afraid I have not been able to tell you all the story of your life, but I am sure that you possessed a coward's heart."

"This is more than I expected to hear from you, but the words you have spoken were worthy and true, and will be needed to give this right arm strength to battle for the rights of man."

"I have got courage to fill my place in the ranks of freedom. The fear of not gaining your sympathy, which has haunted me so long, will be thrown to the winds, for I waver a stancher lady rebel does not dwell in the land that you occupy."

"I am a woman, and I have been separated from my husband, and he is still a widower."

"I think we had better not say anything about it at present. We can be true to each other although separated, and, now, Kate, one parting kiss and I must be gone."

"So, then, Herbert? Well? it is so; I would not delay you in moment from the post of duty, and remember that every blow you strike for freedom will enthrone you more surely in my heart."